Together

O, maiden fair, the world grows old.
O, maiden fair, the winds blow cold;
O, maiden, give me your hands to hold.
Let's never mind the weather!
The tree-boughs may be gaunt and bare,
But warmth is in your red-gold hair,
And in your eyes—there's mischief there!
Let's live and laugh together!

Let's live and laugh together, maid;
And walk life's ways all unafraid;
Though cold the wind by wood and glade
No wintry circumstances
Can bring a chill betwixt us two;
Love makes all skies seem fair and blue,
And blossoms nod begemmed with dew
Beneath love's necromancies!

O, maid, the snow drifts high, you wis;
O, maid, I hear the north wind hiss;
O, maid, give me your lips to kiss!
Let's brighten up the weather
With love! the leaves that gust along
Shall we wee birds on wings of song;
In rhythm life shall glide along
Whilst we twain love together.

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

A ROGUE'S KISS

BY ROB McCHEYNE

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The sloping vineyards along Ontario were lightly veiled in the mists of Indian summer. In the air was that languorous warmth that steals into the veins and lulls the brain to dreams and reminiscence. The giant cataract could be heard faintly, a drowsy, distant hum of monotony—a sound that seemed to pervade everything and reach the bewildered brain, strangely associated with the heavy odor of grapes, full ripe; the rich clusters hanging everywhere, so harmonized with the amethystine haze in which the whole scene was bathed, that the mind was some way dulled to externals, like a muffled drum, and, yielding to the soothing enchantment of all about it, yet failed to distinguish clearly between sound and smell and sight.

It is only by some such psychological analysis, whether scientific or not, that an explanation can be found for the startling fact that Fanchette, going home from the day's picking, allowed Ponpon the jester, the clown, the great laughing roystering Ponpon, to imprint upon her pretty, upturned, scarlet lips, a kiss, thinking all the while it was Antoine.

And such a kiss! A group of gay young girls turned at the sound, only to see the demure Fanchette, blushing to be sure, but smiling in serene unconsciousness of the fact that it was Ponpon who had slipped up behind her and tipped her chin back, as Antoine sometimes did, when he was not too serious. An old man gathering sticks raised himself at the sound, only to see Ponpon's laughing face disappear among the bushes at the side of the road. A little bird heard the sound and burst into a joyous song. A tall girl, with eyes like blackberries, coming around a turn in the path behind them, heard it and saw, too, the whole performance, and her heart leaped exultantly.

"So, that it the way when Antoine is not here! Oh, these demure little turtle doves!" and she turned back to wait for Antoine.

When he came up Ponpon was hanging over him, casting all manner of jibes at him.

"You have excellent taste, Antoine. I swear her little chin is as soft as ze breast of le perdrix." He burst into a loud guffaw. "Here is La Grignon"—he had given the dark-eyed girl this nickname because she was tall as a maypole, and it had stuck because she was pretty as one—"she will tell you; she saw Fanchette kiss me."

"Yes, and I think it is outrageous of her."

Ponpon was not prepared for this, as he had no idea anyone had seen him, and had called La Grignon into it only to tease Antoine. So he quickly ran off to join another group. But Antoine was silent and his companion had no chance to poison his mind against her rival.

Fanchette entered the vine-covered

Such a kiss!

cottage and kissed her mother with the happiest of faces.

"Ah, my little Mignon, I see you have made up your quarrel of last night with Antoine."

"Yes, mamma, he slipped up behind me as I was walking home—O, mamma, it was so good of him. I know I was in the wrong last night and I shall tell him so when he comes tonight."

But Antoine did not come. The next day Fanchette noted a difference in the way the [illegible] She was continually finding herself left out of the little groups that worked and chatted merrily among the fragrant vines. Antoine did not come near her all the morning, and, when he passed her later in the day, looked away.

Day after day of the balmy Indian summer passed away and Fanchette, no longer in doubt of the world's injustice went about her work with a sad little heart. What had she done? One of the younger girls had just made an unkind remark about her little blue bodice with the red eyelets and

The silence was intolerable.

laces. Of course it was different from the dresses of the Canadian girls for she had brought it with her from France, but they had all admired it at first. Poor Fanchette! She knew nothing of the world as yet. She could not understand.

One day, late in October, she was sitting on the stone wall, her eyes off across the valley and her thoughts in far-off Gascony, when Ponpon came upon her.

"Poor Fanchette!" he said banteringly, "she is ze last of her illustrious race and it makes her to mourn. Come, let me kiss away that sad look."

"I hate you! I hate you! I hate everybody!" she burst forth.

"Fanchette! Dear little Fanchette. This is serious. Tell Ponpon." He was not jesting now.

Fanchette only shook her head and winked the tears back. For a long time the good hearted fellow who had worked all the mischief regarded her in silence, then, unwilling to leave without a word said:

"You will save Ponpon a dance tonight?"

The girl shook her head.

"Fanchette! Do not be so ill-tempered."

"I'm—I'm not going," sobbed poor Fanchette.

"Not going? Not going to the beeg party that the boss gives us. Why, there will be dances, and games, and jack-o-lanterns. Not going to the hallowe'en party? Fanchette! Fanchette! If you do not hold the water in your mouth you can never get married."

But the girl wouldn't smile and poor Ponpon went away sad of heart. "But she shall go," he said, and with the aid of Fanchette's mother he finally persuaded her to go at the last minute because she saw she would have to give an excuse and she had none; only that everybody hated her, which seem-

Of course her appearance, and with Ponpon, set the busy tongues wagging; and her tall rival hit upon a merry plan that all the girls applauded. They would send poor timid Fanchette into the great empty barn where they had fixed up the big swing like a ghost swaying back and forth in the darkness, and when she screamed they would all have a good laugh. But Ponpon got wind of it, and, as he was tying the blindfold over her eyes, whispered, "Courage, Fanchette, I have fixed a surprise for you."

The crowd gathered about the lower door, as the girl slowly mounted the ladder. As she removed the bandage and saw the grinning pumpkins and the great ghost she could not suppress a little gasp in spite of Ponpon's "courage." The silence was intolerable and she thought she must scream.

"Fanchette," exclaimed a voice.

"Antoine!" She ran toward the ghost and threw herself into Antoine's arms

After they had sat swinging blissfully together for some minutes, Fanchette said, "Antoine, I was in the wrong when we quarreled; I forgive you for saying so."

It was easier to forgive than to ask forgiveness and much more satisfactory.

"But, Fanchette," said Antoine in his most serious tone, "it was very wrong of you to kiss Ponpon."

"I? I never thought of such a thing. Who said I kissed Ponpon?"

"Fanchette!"

"Now Antoine, I have just forgiven you. Don't make me angry again. I tell you I never, never, never kissed Ponpon, and nothing will make me say I did, so there. Come on, I'm hungry. Take me out of this dark place."

AS HETTY GREEN TOLD STORY.

She Had Not a High Opinion of Hon. Joseph Choate.

When the Hoyt will case was on trial in New York the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, as everybody knows, was one of the great lawyers engaged in it.

Among the witnesses on the side Mr. Choate was opposing was Mrs. Hetty Green. It was a field day when she took the witness stand. The object was to find out from her what had passed between her and Irene Hoyt at a certain conversation respecting the bringing of the suit. Mr. Choate vehemently objected to this conversation being given by Mrs. Green and fought viciously to keep her from telling what had passed. During the whole wrangle she sat grimly in the witness box, her shabby old bonnet askew, while she clutched her rusty hand-bag. At last after a tough fight, the Court stated that the question might be asked of Mrs. Green in this form:

"What passed between you and Miss Hoyt relative to the bringing of this suit?"

"I object," shouted Mr. Choate, noting an exception.

And then it was that Mrs. Green snapped out: "Irene Hoyt told me she meant to bring suit and I said to her, 'Irene, if ever you let that old buzzard, Joe Choate, get his hand in your pocket you won't have a dollar left.'"

All the lawyers engaged in the case had champagne for luncheon that day and Mr. Choate paid for it.—New York Journal.

Barbarity of Russian Surgeons.

This incident of the late war in the east is told by a Russian soldier: "After each battle the sanitaries would mark with red paint those wounded who were to be taken away for treatment and with black paint those apparently hopelessly wounded, who were to be left on the field and buried with the dead. I myself was lying on the ground when a hand touched me and then proceeded to fetch the black paint. I fully realized my fate and said to the officer: 'But I am alive and may recover. How can you act like this?' 'Have you money?' he then asked. 'Yes,' I replied. 'How much?' 'Ten rubles' ($5.15). 'Give them to me.' He just managed to put the money in his pocket and was stretching out his hand for the red paint, when tra-a-akh tra-a-akh—the enemy's shrapnel struck him dead on the spot, only a couple of steps from myself. I lay and listened, but not a sound came from him. Then I thought, why should I lose my money? and, gathering strength, I crept up to him and began to search his pockets, when, to my astonishment, I found not only my 10 rubles but more than 300" ($154.50).

The Man and the Job.

Of graft I do not care to read,
Its ways and wiles have ceased to thrill;
To hold-up yarns I pay no heed,
They're even more familiar still;
But yet my curious instincts throb
At items small I daily find,
Like this: "Jake Little's got a job,
Instead of Thomas Jones, resigned."

I know that there a problem lies
For those who read between the lines,
For politicians shrewd and wise
Who "know the ropes" and scan the signs
So veiled unto the general mob,
Their meaning to the few confined:
Why did Jake Little get the job?
And why has Thomas Jones resigned?

They fain would know who hungering wait
The chance that may a berth afford
In county service or with state
Or city hall or drainage board.
What ailed poor Jones, the luckless man?
Did he neglect his daily grind?
What "pull" applied to him a can?
Oh, why, oh, why, has he resigned?

But vain through wide surmise to range,
One cause shines out, most clear and true,
The law of jobs is law of change—
Yank out the old, yank in the new.
The loser up again may bob,
The winner yet will fall behind;
And therefore Little gets the job
And Jones meanders off, resigned.

Young Brother's Time Will Come.

She had been for a drive with a young man friend, and when she returned she was glowing with excitement.

"Oh, dear, mother," she cried, "Tom and I had the very narrowest escape from an awful accident! The horse very nearly bolted. We were going through Swan Lane, when all of a sudden a pheasant got up from the hedge and frightened the horse, and if Tom hadn't made a dash for the reins—"

"Eh?" said her youngest brother, suddenly. "How's that? Why wasn't he holding them?"

And it took at least five minutes to explain.—London Tit-Bits.

Baden-Powell Decries Cigarettes.

Gen. Baden-Powell, writing to a Bolton (Eng.) schoolboy, says he believes that "smoking by fellows who are still growing does them an infinite amount of harm, and those who are sensible don't take up smoking until after they are 20 years of age or so. Fellows who smoke before that age generally turn out rotters afterward. They only do it because they think it looks swagger and manly to smoke, but any man who has done any scouting or big-game hunting knows that they are fools."

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

Good Night and Good Morning.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw, caw!" on their way to bed
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed
The sheep's "Bleat, bleat!" came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun
"Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun."

—Lord Houghton.

MORE CHESTNUTS

And what question is that to which you must positively answer yes?

What does y-e-s spell?

—

Why is an author the most wonderful man in the world?

Because his tail (tale) comes out of his head!

—

When is it a good thing to lose your temper?

When it's a bad one.

—

Why is there no such thing as an entire day?

Because every day begins by breaking.

Too Realistic.

The day of the Indian brave is over, but if he scalps no longer, he at least remembers the way it is done.

At a certain sideshow, two boys, finding themselves alone with an exchief, requested him to give a war-whoop and show them how he scalped his foes.

The Indian evaded the point, and after a time the youngsters fell into a conversation between themselves. Suddenly the brave sprang to his feet with a scream that made the building ring; at the same moment he seized his knife, gripped the hair of one of the boys and ran the back of the blade round his scalp.

The youngsters were nearly frightened out of their wits, but the chief laughed loudly. He had done nothing more than they had asked him to do, but he had chosen his own time.

Magic Circle.

Tell your audience that it is in your power to place any person present in the middle of the room and draw a circle round him, out of which, although his legs and arms are free, it will be impossible for him to escape without taking off his coat.

"I shall use absolutely no force to detain you," you must say, "and I shall not bind you in any way, but all the same you will not be able to get out of the ring, struggle as you will, without partially undressing!"

Your audience will be considerably puzzled, and some one is sure to offer to be put in the magic ring. Place the person in the middle of the room, blindfold him, button up his coat, and then take a piece of white chalk and draw a line right around his waist—outside the coat.

When the handkerchief has been taken off of his eyes he will see that it is impossible for him to get out of the "ring" without taking off his coat, and the audience will laugh heartily at the joke.

Scrap Basket Suggestion.

To make a scrap basket you need four boards of wood, each about 14 inches long and 9 inches wide. Then get a board about 8 by 8 inches for the bottom of the basket. Nail a piece with brass-headed thumb tacks, so they will look like little brass knobs.

After this is done draw a picture of the American flag on one side of it, of Russian on the other, of Japan on the other, of England on the other, and color them as they should be with either oil or water colors, or else put the flags of four colleges in colors instead.

To Train a Canary.

Set the cage on a table near where you wish to sit; after a little conference with the bird, introduce a finger between the wires, near the favorite perch, holding it there patiently, yourself occupied with book or paper the while. Presently, as it shows no disposition to harm him, he cautiously goes up to examine it. Then he pecks to ascertain its quality; maybe he fights it. That is well; be no longer fears it. Pay him with a little bird food; put him away.

Next day try him again. He may go farther and light on it, or he may be several days getting thus familiar. Be patient. Once this step is attained, vary the program by introducing the finger in other spots. He will soon light on it at any point or angle. Then try the door, at first thrusting the finger under it. Next time fasten it open, blockading egress with the rest of the hand as one finger extends within. When he perches on it, draw him forth a little; next time, tempt him to the perch outside a little, and so on. In a short time, you have but to open the cage door, uplift a finger, and he is sure to fly to it; and he may thus be called to any part of the room to rest on the familiar perch.

Most birds learn this familiarity in a few days, yet there are those who will be two or four weeks about it.

Winter Quarters.

"In the autumn," remarked a naturalist, "the birds and beasts of the countryside occupy themselves in preparing their supplies of winter clothes and bedding just as human beings would do."

"And by their winter clothes," he continued, "I do not mean merely the extra thick suits of fur or feather, but all kinds of artificial rugs and blankets, which they manufacture themselves.

"Take, first, the water rats, which are famous blanket makers. They fill their lairs in autumn with sheets of the gray vegetable down that grows on various plants in the marshes and by the banks of rivers and brooks. Their beds are often composed of the soft heads of reeds that have been dried and ripened by the autumn sun, with rushes and vegetable down for bedclothes.

"Then there are the field mice, which make their wintry beds with layers of dried grass and dead leaves. They are also fond of a few stray feathers and moss, but most of all they prize the white fluff of a kind of grass which makes for them a luxurious mattress. Curiously enough they do not care for sheep's wool or the hair of any animal warm as it would be.

"Weasles, on the other hand, despise feathers, and are partial to hay and also dried thistles (a prickly sort of bed one would suppose.) They hunt for wool or hair, and, when they have collected sufficient, weave it up with the hay into a very snug bed."

A Dancing Pea.

To make a pea dance push a pin half way through it, then take the stem of a claw pipe and push the point of the pin down the pipe stem, put the pipe stem in your mouth, having broken it off at the bowl, and blow up the bottom very gently. Keep blowing gradually harder, when the pea will rise clear of the pipe and stay up in the air without any support. Then it will begin to turn around and over as long as the current of air is continued. You may change the dance by shoving the pin down the pipe as far as its head. In that way the pea will dance slowly, and sedately around the edge of the pipe stem.

A Clairvoyant Game.

There are many so-called "clairvoyant" games. This is a good one: Two must know the game and the others must not. The person who is to be sent from the room understands that the leader will give her the clew to her answer by the questions she asks when the "clairvoyant" comes back into the room. Some word is decided upon; for example, "vase," and when the "clairvoyant" comes in the leader says: "Since you know so much, tell us what word you have chosen. Can you do this?" "Yes." "Was it a virtue?" "No." "Was it an animal?" "No." "Was it a satchel?" "No." "Was it an egg?" "No." "Well, what was it then?" "A vase." That is right, they all admit, and to the uninitiated it seems marvelous, although it is really simple. The leader, you will notice, gave the letters for the word vase in the articles she mentioned in her questions: "(V)irtue," "(a)nimal," "(s)atchel" and "(e)gg."

Pin Money.

"Pin money" is a common phrase, yet few know its derivation. It was not until the end of the seventeenth

century that the modern pin was invented. After that time the maker was allowed to sell them openly only on January 1 and 2, so that court ladies and fashionable dames alike were obliged to buy a large store on those days. So extremely important was this yearly purchase that apparently a special sum of money was obtained from all indulgent husbands for it, and at a later time, when the pins became cheap and common, womankind gradually came to spend their allowance on other vanities, but the old name, "pin money," remained in use.

Tongue Twisters.

Can you stick a stick across a stick,
Or cross a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a cross,
Or cross a cross across a stick,
Or cross a cross across a cross,
Or stick a crossed stick across a stick,
Or stick a crossed stick across a cross,
Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick.
Or cross a crossed stick across a stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a crossed stick?

"Baste the Bear."

To play the game of "baste the bear," one of the players is chosen bear. He sits on a stool, with a rope about four yards long tied around his waist, the other end being held by the bear's master. The other players run around them, flicking at the bear with their handkerchiefs, the master trying to catch them without letting go the end of the rope or pulling the bear over. Should he do so, he must give his place to the player he last touched. Each player captured takes the bear's place."

Fun With Pipes and Bowls

A soap bubble contest is the source of much fun for the children and a pretty sight at any time of the year, as it can be held either indoors or outdoors.

Clay pipes gayly decorated with ribbons, two of a color, determine partners. To the large bowl of soapy water and a tablespoon of glycerin to

A Rose Under a Bubble.

give beauty of color. The larger your bubbles grow the more lovely are the tints.

Competition may take many forms, and prizes should be awarded to the most successful.

For "Bubble Croquet" have a table covered with a woolen cloth, and ribbon-wound wickets placed in the right order. Sides are taken and each player may blow three bubbles at a turn, guiding them through the wickets with the aid of small rackets, the kind used for ping-pong. Cover the wider part with flannel or some thin woolen goods. Bubbles will not break easily against woolen. Racks may be made of palm-leaf fans cut the required shape and covered with the woolen fabric. It counts you five points for every wicket you successfully guide your bubble through.

Another game is played on a tennis court. For indoors divide off the room into sides by a rope or ribbon stretched across. The girls make bubbles and the boys blow them, trying to prevent those of their opponents coming over into their domain. Each bubble that floats over the net counts 15 points to the side from which it came. Bouquets of flowers make suitable prizes. Award a prize for the largest bubble, the one that last the longest, for the most bubbles blown from one dip of the pipe, and for the longest chain of bubbles blown.

Then there are trials of skill which are well worth trying. For these you will need a few extra articles, a funnel, a straw, a rose or other flower, and a goblet. Place the rose on a large pie plate. Dip your pipe into the bubble water, and as you take it out hold it over the top of the rose and blow until the flower is covered with the bubble, then lift up your pipe carefully, place the funnel on top of the bubble and continue blowing. Blow very carefully and the result will be a rose under an exquisite dome. A bubble like this will last at least 10 minutes. Blow a good-sized bubble on top of a goblet, insert a straw that has been dipped in the solution carefully in the side, and blow off a tiny bubble. You can fill the whole interior of the big bubble with these small ones that keep floating around inside. Another trick with the help of the straw is to decorate each finger tip with a bubble. Dip the five fingers into the solution, and a drop of it will adhere to each one. Place the wet end of the straw against each drop in turn and blow gently. The result will be a dainty bubble on

Bubbles Within a Bubble.

each finger tip. Hold a flower in your hand by its stem and blow a bubble over it with the pipe. The sunflower makes a fine show, and the blower should be congratulated on his long windedness and skill, as it takes a big bubble to cover it.